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at such attributes and characteristics as those ascribed to Griggs, without cheekiness and "management" on his own should have procured him good appointments and positions, to be wondered at. He has occupied such stations as am, P.Q.; Adelaide Street, Toronto; Hamilton, Montreal, on, Belleville, where he was Chairman of the District; and Metropolitan Church of this city, which was his last pas-charge.

s financial and clerical capabilities early preferred him to positions of Financial Secretary of a District, Secretary of a erence, and, lastly, his elevation to his present responsible on of Steward of the western and principal section of our Room. Personally, we were opposed, at the time, to giving n unmistakably good preacher to an untried business posi- but the results of last year showed that it was no dangerous iment; and the published returns of the one now closing, very marked degree show that he is unmistakably the at man in the right place." Such an audacious piece of mortem dissection and analysis as we have perpetrated will re the forbearance of a gentleman who has sought no no- y; but as "naught has been set down in malice," we hope tain his forgiveness.

INDIAN MISSIONS ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.*



TATOOED INDIAN WOMAN, NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

NEVER, we think, have the triumphs of mission work been more marked and marvelous than in the case of the Indian missions on the North Pacific coast. Previous articles of this MAGAZINE,† from the accomplished pen of Mr. J. E. McMillan, have

given an account of the origin of that work, the main features of which we here briefly recapitulate :

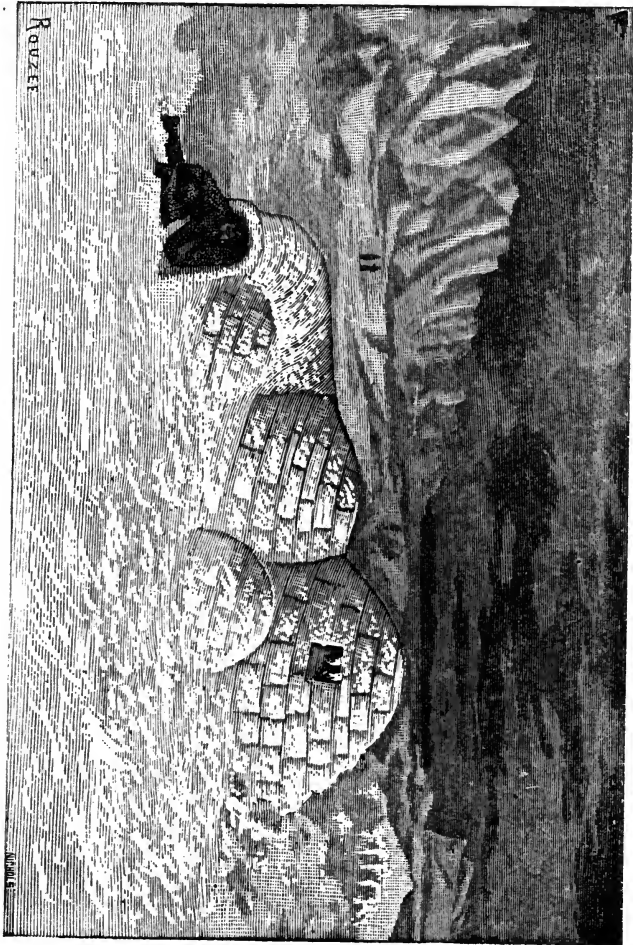
It was not till the year 1864 that the Canadian Methodist Church fairly entered upon the work of Indian evangelization in British Columbia. In that year the Rev. Thomas Crosby began his great life-work as a lay teacher at Nanaimo. With the facility begotten by enthusiasm, he rapidly acquired the native dialect, and was soon able to preach to the Indians in their own tongue. Here and among the pagan tribes on the banks of the majestic Frazer, he proclaimed the emancipating message of the cross, and many converts to the Christian faith,

* For much of the information on which this article is founded, we are indebted to the admirable volume on Alaska and Missions on the North Pacific Coast, by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., to whose courtesy we are also indebted for the use of the cuts by which it is illustrated.

† See numbers for April and May, 1878.

by their changed lives and holy conversation and happy deaths, attested the power of the message.

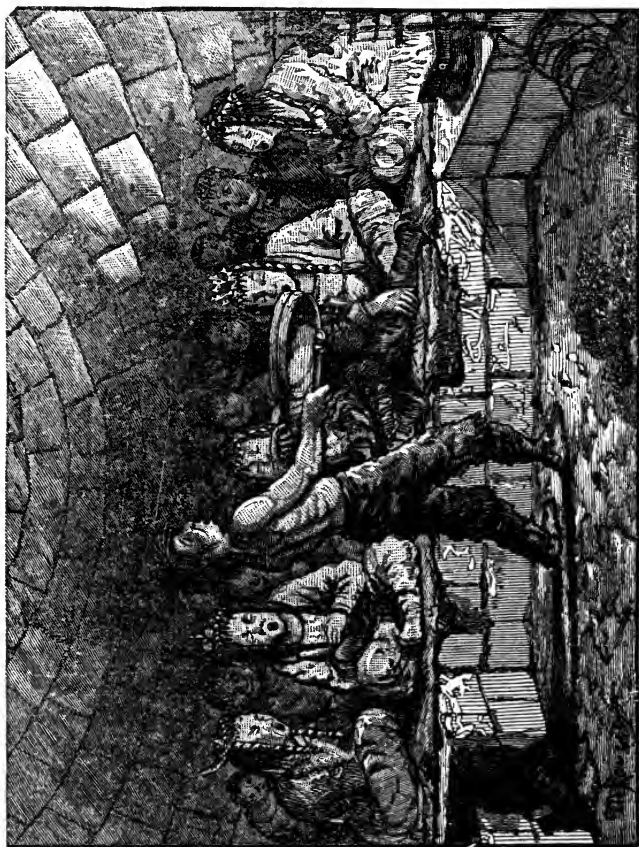
In the neighbourhood of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, at this time, were a number of Indians, the demoralized parasites of the



ESKIMO SNOW HUT, ALASKA.

white man's civilization, who had acquired, by contact, the white man's vices rather than his virtues. Their degraded condition awoke the pity of the Methodist community of the place, and in 1869 it was resolved, at a meeting held in the house of Mr. William McKay, to organize a Sunday-school for the religious instruction of these moral waifs and estrays of mankind. It

was with difficulty that their native apathy was overcome, and any degree of interest aroused. Their teachers were unable to speak the native language, or even the Chinook jargon, and the Indians had only a very imperfect acquaintance with English. Through this imperfect medium, however, a knowledge of the glorious gospel of Christ found its way, and soon Amos Sa-hat-



INTERIOR OF SNOW HUT, WITH DRUM DANCE.

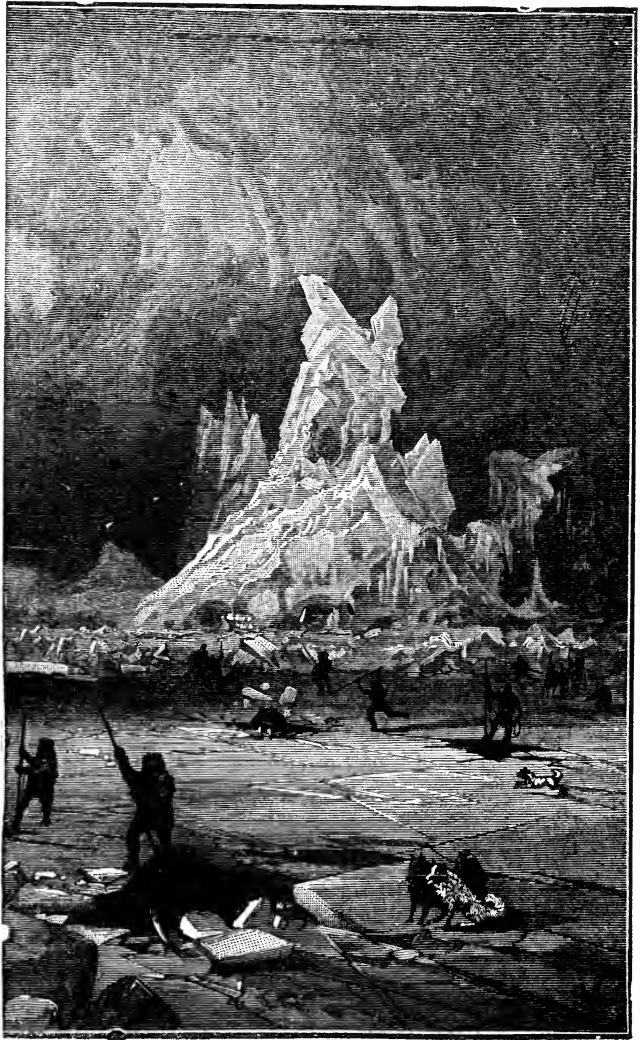
son, and two others of the same tribe, were rejoicing in the great salvation.

For two years the school was regularly held, although the attendance was never more than ten or twelve, and often only three or four. Now, however, a wonderful revival took place, whose far-reaching results only the great day shall declare. Upwards of forty natives were converted to God, among them

Elizabeth Deix, a hereditary Indian chieftess, of great energy of character. In her new-born zeal she prayed earnestly for the conversion of her son Alfred, a pagan Indian living at Fort Simpson, five hundred miles north of Victoria, and within fifteen miles of the Alaska frontier. At this very time—was it not in answer to that mother's earnest prayers?—her son and his wife arrived at Victoria, and were soon sharers of the like precious faith.

Alfred and his wife Kate spoke English well, and after ten months left Victoria with a few Bibles and Wesleyan Catechisms, as the pioneer missionaries to their pagan tribes-men at Fort Simpson. "The former desperado," writes Mr. McMillan, "who a few months before was the terror of the whole surrounding country, had all at once become a meek and quiet citizen and zealous working Christian." With his wife he established a day-school, which soon had 200 pupils, and organized prayer and experience meetings and religious classes. Before a single white missionary visited the Fort, every family had renounced paganism, five hundred persons were attending these religious services, and several were hopefully converted to God. In answer to their earnest prayers for a missionary, the Rev. Mr. Crosby and his devoted wife were sent to take charge of this promising station. The Indians promptly contributed towards the erection of a church, several hundred dollars in money and money's worth, and soon they had a commodious and elegant church, forty by fifty feet, with a spire 110 feet high, capable of seating 800 persons—indeed the most commodious Methodist church in the province. During its erection a storm blew off the roof and threatened its destruction. The walls were firmly lashed with ropes, and the people repaired to the school-house. There the following scene, as described by Dr. Jackson, took place: "A chief arose and called out that it was not a time for long speeches, but for action. Instantly twenty or thirty men left the house; others followed them, but soon they returned with rolls of blankets—the currency of that region—on their shoulders and laid them in front of the teacher's desk, as their offering to the Lord. Blankets, coats, shirts, shawls, guns, finger and ear-rings, bracelets, furs, and almost everything that could be turned into money, were laid upon the table, to the value of \$400—a striking commentary on the constraining love of Christ in their hearts."

As at Fort Simpson, so also in the vast territory of Alaska, converted Indians were the pioneers of evangelical Protestant Christianity. The Russians, indeed, had for many years priests



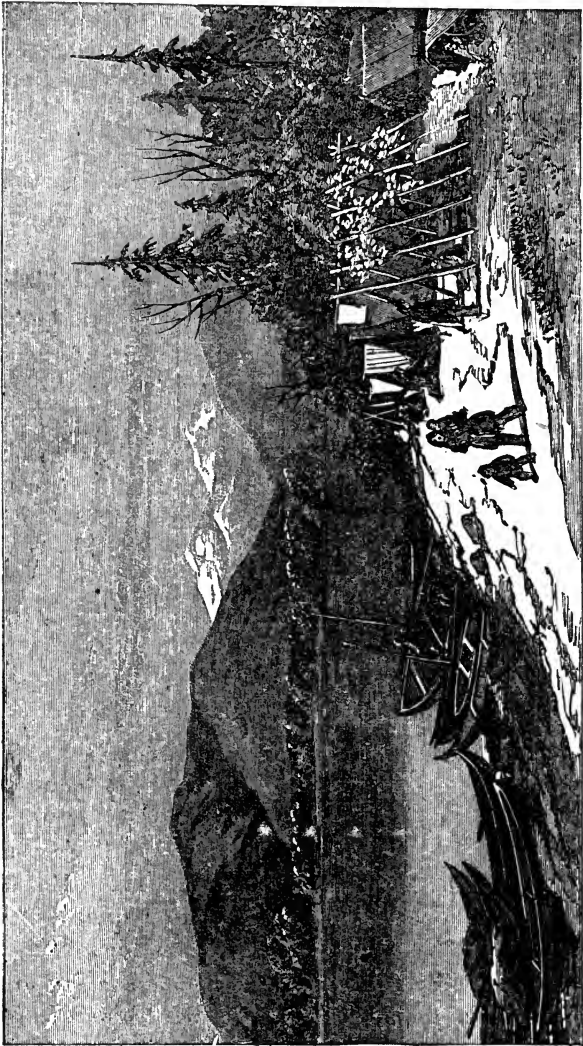
HUNTING WALRUS.

of the Greek Church in that country; but on its cession to the United States they were withdrawn. The influx of American miners—a reckless and wicked lot of men—and the establish-

ment of a military post at Fort Wrangel, far from the restraints of civilization, had introduced all the vices of the white race, and greatly demoralized and degraded the Indian population. The place was almost wholly given up to drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery. In 1876 a number of Christian Indians from Fort Simpson arrived at Fort Wrangel under contract to cut wood for the American Government. Among them was an Indian named Clah, or Philip McKay, a man of superior intelligence and piety. These faithful Indians, amid the abounding wickedness on every side, resolved to make an effort for the conversion of their countrymen. They obtained the use of an old dance-house—the scene of the foulest pagan orgies—as a place of worship, and induced a few of the natives to attend. Though mocked and jeered and opposed by wicked white men, they persevered till the place became too small for the crowds of those benighted pagans who thronged to the meetings, some forty of whom were converted to Christianity by this strange agency, among them the head chief of the place. For weeks and months, writes Mr. McMillan, the voice of praise and prayer was daily heard at Fort Wrangel, the services being conducted wholly by these Christian Indians. The commandant of the fort gave them his protection, and secured a room for their services. To put an end to the hideous Indian custom of dancing around a dead body and consuming it to ashes, the Christian Indians procured a plot of ground for a cemetery, and interred the dead with Christian rites.

In the fall of the year Mr. Crosby visited the Fort and took steps to organize a church. Subscriptions in money and blankets were received in amounts varying from ten dollars to twenty-five cents, and many promised work. Mr. Crosby agreed to look after the mission thus providentially begun, till an American missionary could be appointed to its control. He directed Clah to remain and open a school. So anxious were the natives to learn, that the school was attended by sixty or seventy adults. Three times on Sunday Clah preached to audiences of from 200 to 400 of his own people. The wicked whites and Indian sorcerers opposed by ridicule and threats of violence these services; but they grew in influence and power. Prayerless white men were reminded of their early religious training, and many of the Indians were converted from paganism, devil-dances, and witch-

craft, to the service of God. An American soldier wrote to General Howard, of the U. S. army, urging the appointment of a missionary. The appeal was sent to the Presbyterian General Assembly, and Dr. Jackson was authorized by the Board



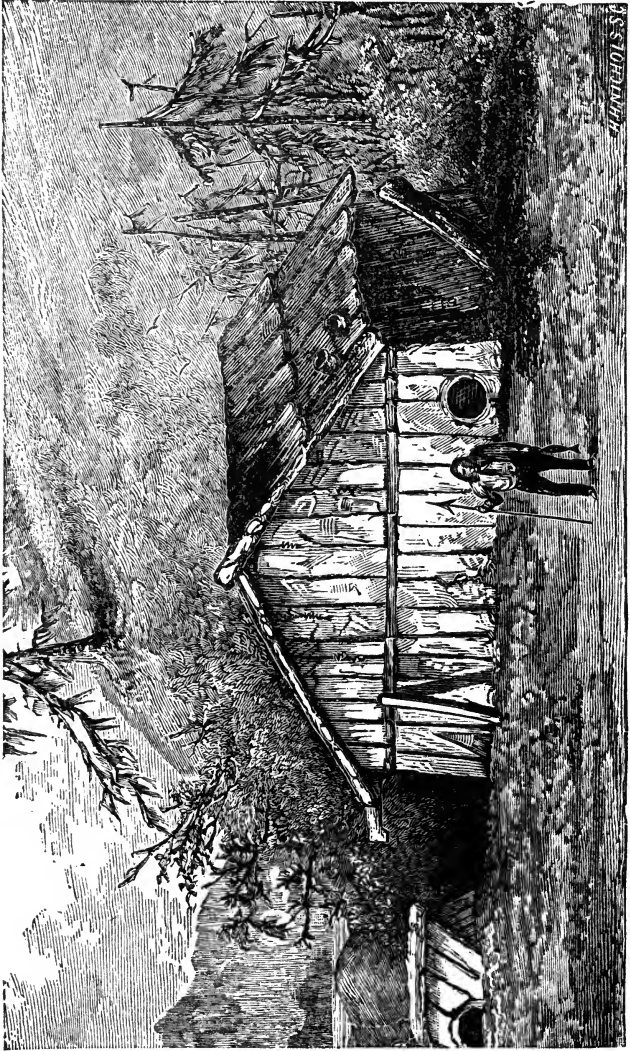
FISHING VILLAGE, NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

of Missions to make a missionary tour to the Pacific coast. In Oregon he found an old missionary friend, Mrs. A. R. McFarland, a lady born in Virginia, educated in Ohio, and the now

widowed wife of the first Presbyterian missionary in New Mexico. She was induced to go to Alaska to take charge of the young mission. When she arrived with Dr. Jackson at Fort Wrangel, on passing down the street, they saw an Indian ringing a hand-bell. It was Clah calling scholars to his school, which was held in a disused dance-hall. Mrs. McFarland was the only Christian white woman in a territory as large as France. For seven months she was the only Protestant missionary in Alaska, and for a year the only one at Fort Wrangel. All the perplexities of the people, religious, physical, social, and moral, were brought to her for solution. If any were sick, they came to her as a physician; if any were dead, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If husbands and wives became separated, she was the peacemaker to bring them together. If difficulties arose as to property, she was judge, lawyer, and jury. If feuds arose among tribes or families, she was arbitress. When the Indians called a convention, she was elected "chairman." She was called upon to interfere in cases of witchcraft; and when a white man was hanged for murder, she became his spiritual adviser. Her fame went far and wide among the tribes. Great chiefs came long distances to enter the school of "the woman that loved their people." She had charge of both school and church, in both of which she was greatly aided by Clah and another Fort Simpson Indian. Alas! before the year was out, Clah died of consumption at the early age of thirty years. His privations, probably, shortened his life. His salary was only ten dollars a month, on which to keep himself and wife and child, and pay rent; and he lived month after month almost entirely on fish. As he lay upon his death-bed, his great anxiety was lest his wife and child should suffer for want of food. Mrs. McFarland assured him that they would be cared for. As he was dying, he said, "As earth fades away, heaven grows brighter;" and turning to his weeping wife, he said, "Annie, you must not cry; Jesus knows what is best." He was buried by Christian Indians at Fort Simpson. Dr. Jackson gives his portrait—a fine, intelligent face—and that of Mrs. McFarland—a countenance of noble and commanding expression.

The Presbyterian Church has grandly sustained this mission, contributing in two years \$12,000. They have now a church, school, hospital, and industrial home—the latter an imperious

necessity to rescue girls who would otherwise fall victims to the vice of wicked white men. For the same purpose Mrs. Crosby has opened a Home for Indian girls at Fort Simpson, which has



INDIAN HOUSE, CEDAR PLANK, NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

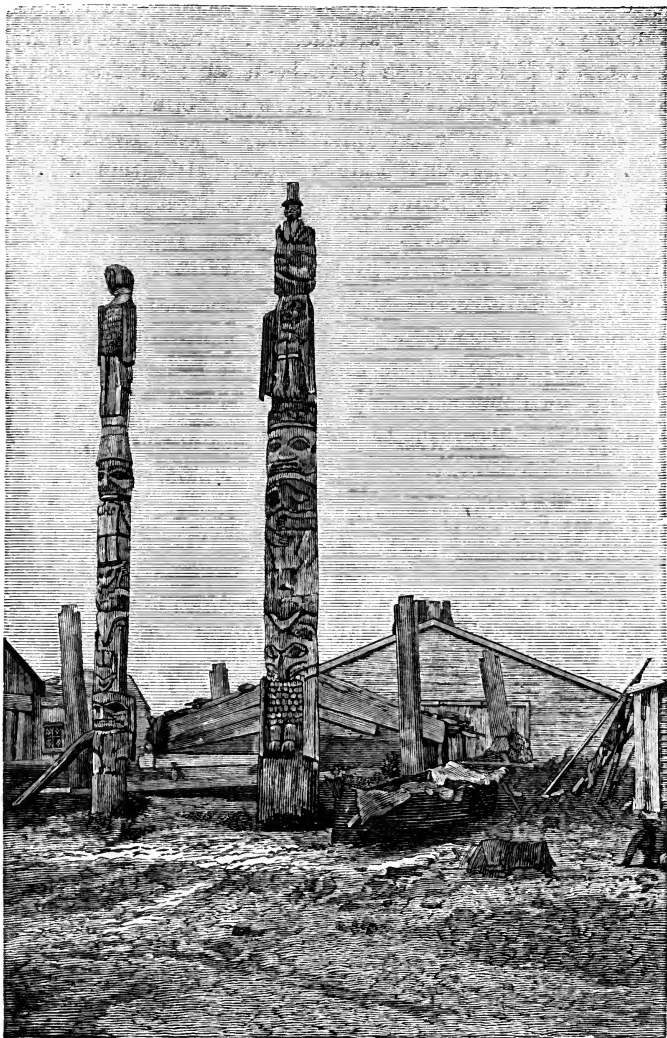
been supported hitherto by the contributions of a few friends. Its maintenance is fitting work for the Women's Missionary Society, now being organized in Canada. The need for such a home may be inferred from the following pathetic appeal for that

at Fort Wrangel: "O you mothers of dear young girls—every one whose home is made fairer by a daughter's face—give something to save these other girls from shame and anguish—something to help us teach those other mothers how great a boon a maiden may be at their own fireside." The results of our Methodist mission at Fort Simpson have been most salutary and most marked. The converted Indians have exhibited a high Christian character. They carry their religion with them wherever they go. They travel thousands of miles, but neither wind, tide, hunger, nor the urgency of their white employers can induce them to travel on the Lord's day. They yearn to tell their countrymen the story of the cross. They sorrow over the ravages made by the white man's vices, the white man's diseases, and the white man's fire-water. "We see no difference," said one, "between killing men with whiskey and killing them with a gun." Our own heroic Crosby has imperilled his own life by his determined opposition to the liquor traffic, leading sometimes to the forcible destruction of the casks of liquor in a drunken Indian camp.

The day-school at Fort Simpson numbers about 120, and a large Sunday-school, in three sections, is taught by Mr. and Mrs. Crosby and Miss Knott. In two years sixty new houses have been built by the Indians, and the whole tribe are being raised to a higher plane of civilization. The Church has a membership of 258. Mr. Crosby has established an annual industrial fair, at which prizes are given for the best carving in wood and silver, the best gardens and vegetables, the best sashes and doors, best cured salmon, etc.

As at Fort Simpson and Fort Wrangel, so at Naas River, it was converted Indians who became the pioneer missionaries to their pagan countrymen. The mission authorities of our Church were unable, when an appeal was made them for this station, to incur any further expense. But at a prayer-meeting held in the house of Mr. McKay, in the same room in which the first meeting was held in 1869 to promote the spiritual welfare of the Indians of Victoria, spontaneous contributions of \$236 were given, and the Rev. A. E. Greene was sent as a missionary to Naas River. He and Mr. Crosby held a five days' meeting, and a glorious revival began. Soon a congregation of 500 attended the services and 100 met in class. The work spread throughout the surround-

ing country, and from the forks of the Skeena to Kit-a-mat and Bella-Bella and Queen Charlotte's Island—all the result, together with the flourishing missions in Alaska, (may we not say ?) of



TOTEM POLES, FORT WRANGEL.

that memorable prayer-meeting held in the house of a God-fearing Methodist at Victoria, eleven years ago.

Any one interested in the cause of missions—and what Chris-

tian is not?—will find this wonderful story recorded, with many details which we have to omit, in Dr. Jackson's admirable book on "Alaska and the Missions of the North Pacific Coast"—a story of more absorbing fascination than a romance. The book gives also an interesting account of the extent and resources of that country, of its villages and native tribes, their manners and customs, of their revolting pagan usages, and of the wonderful change being wrought by Christian missions.

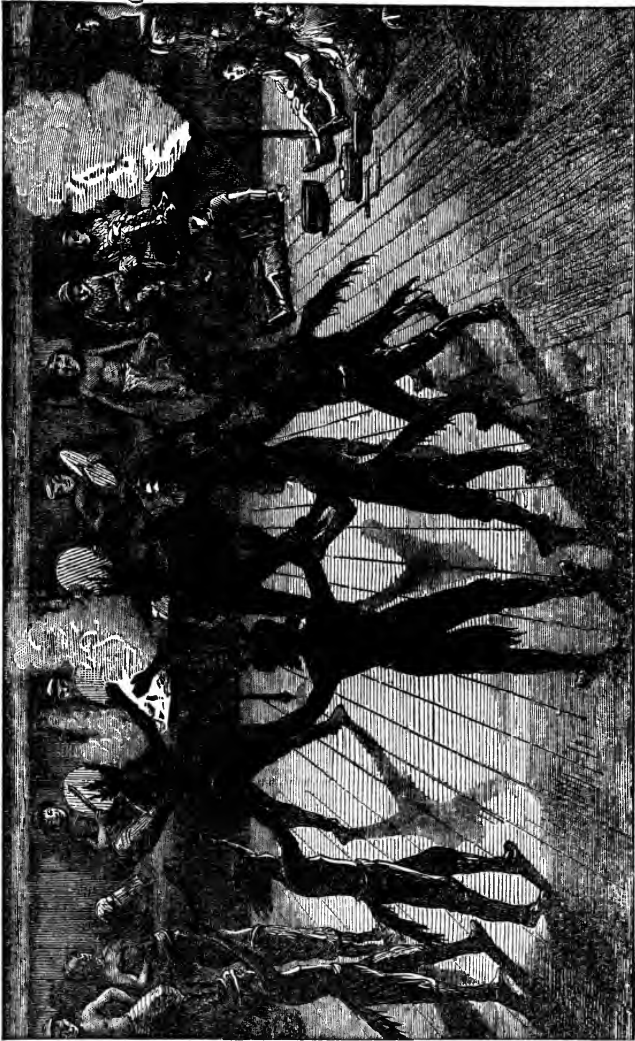


TATOOED INDIAN, NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

To the cuts taken from that volume we now make a brief reference. In the northern part of Alaska, which reaches far within the Arctic circle, the inhabitants dwell in dome-shaped snow-huts, built of large blocks of congealed snow, as shown in cut on page 101. The entrance is through a long winding passage, screened by a curtain of sealskin, and passing through a low vestibule. The interior of these huts is more commodious than would be expected, giving shelter to a large number of persons. A raised dais of snow, covered with furs, runs round the wall, and a fire of seal or walrus oil, blazing in a stone vessel,

furnishes light and heat for cooking and comfort. See cut on page 102, which represents a noisy native drum dance.

The walrus is hunted on the immense ice floes. The huge creature comes to the air-holes in the ice to breathe, and is har-



HEATHEN DANCE.

pooned by the natives, who exhibit great skill and daring in this dangerous pursuit.

Further south the Indians obtain their living almost exclu-

sively by fishing, agriculture being almost unknown. There is probably no finer fishing-ground in the world than that of British Columbia and Southern Alaska. Salmon of the finest quality may be literally pitchforked out of the streams in cart loads, and are now being largely exported in cans. But one will grow weary of even the best salmon, with nothing else, and the great want of the country is an agricultural population. Many of the fishing villages are of a very rude and flimsy construction; but some of the houses are well built of cedar plank, as shown in the cut on page 108.

Opposite the chief's house will be seen huge totem poles, carved with grotesque human or bird-headed figures. The greater the chief the taller the pole, which sometimes reaches an altitude of over 100 feet.

The pagan Indians are often of a very degraded and forbidding appearance, which they make still more repulsive by the habit of tattooing the face in the manner shown in the initial cut, and in that on page 111. Their heathen ceremonies are often loathsome and semi-cannibal rites, or hideous orgies, where drunkenness and every form of vice runs to all manner of excess and riot. Yet out of human beings dragged down by sin to such degradation, Divine grace has brought such noble natures as Amos Sa-hat-ston, the ex-conjurer, and Clah, the faithful missionary. And under the influence of the Gospel, the heathen dance and wild orgies of vice have given place to the devout worship of God by a Christian congregation. Is not this moral transformation more than a tenfold compensation for all the toil and money expended on the Indian missions of our Church? and an incentive and summons to greater zeal in a cause which God has so abundantly honoured and blessed?

THE DEAD.

In your patience ye are strong ;
Cold and heat ye take not wrong ;
When the trumpet of the angel
Blows Eternity's evangel,
Time will seem to you not long.

—*E. B. Browning.*

187
N71
1880



JAPANESE TEMPLE.

